DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 103 288 SO 008 011

AUTHOR Van Til, William
TITLE Another Way of Looking at It.
PUB DATE 74
NOTE 46p.

EDRS PRICE MF-$0.76 HC-$1.95 PLUS POSTAGE
DESCRIPTORS Comparative Education; *Education; Educational Alternatives; Educational Environment; Educational Trends; Environmental Influences; *Essays; Futures (of Society); Integration Methods; International Programs; Physical Environment; Publications; *Public Education; Social Change; *Social Problems

ABSTRACT

A collection of ten essays related to education from the personal experiences and perspective of the author is presented. The first essay, "A Fighting Chance," discusses the environment for educational reform in the 1970's. In the "Story of a Lake" the author describes the environment of his home and its interrelation with the surrounding physical environment. "The Great American Cop-Out" examines the anti-busing movement in the North. "Environment Versus Technology" analyzes the controversy over the use of strip mined coal by the Tennessee Valley Authority. "The Second Coming of the One-Room Schoolhouse" explores the trend away from the large educational complexes to mini-schools, alternative schools, and street academics. "Horace Mann's Only Appearance On TV" is a satirical look at public education in the future. "Writing for Educational Publications" offers tips for submitting manuscripts to academic publications. In "Anyone For International Work?" the author provides suggestions for obtaining educational related employment while abroad. The last three articles provide observations on education in Mexico, American Samoa, and Calcutta, India. (Author/DE)

ED103288

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
EDUCATION
THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY.

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
William Van Til
TO ERIC AND ORGANIZATIONS OPERATING UNDER AGREEMENTS WITH THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION. FURTHER REPRODUCTION OUTSIDE THE ERIC SYSTEM REQUIRES PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER."

ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT

SP 008 011

William Van Til

COFFMAN DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR IN EDUCATION
INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

00002

ANOTHER WAY

OF

LOOKING AT IT

William Van Til

COFFMAN DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR IN EDUCATION

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

00003

Reprinted from Phi Delta Kappan:

A Fighting Chance, January 1972, p. 325.
Story of a Lake, March 1972, p. 445.
The Great American Cop-Out, October 1972, p. 128.
Environment Versus Technology, December 1972, pp. 274-275.
The Second Coming of the One-Room Schoolhouse, September 1971, pp. 16-17.
Horace Mann's Only Appearance on TV, February, 1973, p. 411.
Writing for Educational Publication, June 1973, pp. 700-701.
Anyone for International Work? November 1971, pp. 154-155.
Looking from Abroad: Mexico, April 1974, p. 563.
Looking from Abroad: American Samoa, May 1974, pp. 633-634.
Calcutta: A Vision of the End of the World, June 1974, pp. 699-700.

These columns represent the views of the author as an individual. They should not be interpreted as representing the views of Indiana State University, the School of Education, United Educators, Phi Delta Kappan, or any institution or associated individual. My thanks to the above organizations and magazines for allowing me to communicate my ideas.

--William Van Til

© William Van Til, 1974.

PREFACE

Dr. William Van Til's earlier collection of writings which had appeared in Contemporary Education, the professional journal published by the School of Education at Indiana State University, was made available to readers in a monograph under the title, "One Way of Looking At It." These essays were so well received by readers that the column was moved by invitation to the pages of Phi Delta Kappan. Now we are most pleased to see this second set of columns brought together under a related title, "Another Way of Looking At It."

For those who have become Van Til fans, this new collection will be received with delight.

For those not yet acquainted with the penetrating wit and visionary insight of Dr. Van Til, we welcome you to the club.

David T. Turney, Dean
School of Education
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Indiana

Bill Van Til is--to my way of looking at it--a Renaissance man alive and well in the twentieth century. Scholar, world traveler, writer, and raconteur, he is that all too rare person: a man of good will who combines thinking and doing in a staunch effort to create the best of all possible worlds.

I count it a rare privilege to know him both as a friend and as a professional associate in educational publishing. He has been a member of the United Educators' top advisory body, the Board of Educators, since 1956 and has served as its chairman since 1969. In addition, he has written important articles for the American Educator Encyclopedia and has allowed reprinting of several columns in World Topics Year Books. I have found great delight in his writings--there are few living authors who have his skill at an all but lost art: the occasional essay--and I commend them to you.

Donald E. Lawson
Editor in Chief
The United Educators, Inc.,
and Affiliated Publishers
Tangley Oaks Educational Center
Lake Bluff, Illinois

By WILLIAM VAN TIL

TRAVEL	The Danube Flows Through Fascism
	Foldboat Holidays (contributor)
TEXTBOOKS	Economic Roads for American Democracy
	Time on Your Hands
	Modern Education for the Junior High School Years (with others)
	Education: A Beginning
	Curriculum: Quest for Relevance
	Education in American Life (collaboration)
YEARBOOKS OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR SUPERVISION AND CURRICULUM DEVELOPMENT	
	AmericansAll (contributor)
	Toward a New Curriculum (contributor)
	Leadership Through Supervision (contributor)
	Forces Affecting American Education (editor and contributor)
	Role of Supervisor and Curriculum Director in a Climate of Change (contributor)
YEARBOOKS OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE SOCIAL STUDIES	
	Democratic Human Relations (co-editor and contributor)
	The Study and Teaching of American History (contributor)
	Education for Democratic Citizenship (contributor)
YEARBOOKS OF THE JOHN DEWEY SOCIETY	
	Intercultural Attitudes in the Making (co-editor and contributor)
	Educational Freedom in an Age of Anxiety (contributor)
YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES FOR TEACHER EDUCATION	
	Recent Research and Developments and Their Implications for Teacher Education (contributor)
ENCYCLOPEDIAS	
	Encyclopedia of Educational Research (entry, Intercultural Education)
UNIT	Democracy Demands It (with others)
SPEECHES	Great Human Issues of Our Times (contributor)
	Modern Viewpoints in the Curriculum (contributor)
	Humanizing Education (contributor)
SELECTIONS	The Making of a Modern Educator
	One Way of Looking At It
PAMPHLETS	What Popular Magazines Say About Education
	Prejudiced: How Do People Get That Way?
	The Year 2000: Teacher Education
	Universities and Crises
	The Laboratory School: Its Rise and Fall?
	A Perception of the Economic Education Movement

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	Page
A Fighting Chance.	1
Story of a Lake.	4
The Great American Cop-Out	7
Environment Versus Technology.	10
The Second Coming of the One-Room Schoolhouse.	15
Horace Mann's Only Appearance on TV.	19
Writing for Educational Publication.	22
Anyone for International Work?	27
Looking from Abroad: Mexico	31
Looking from Abroad: American Samoa	33
Calcutta: A Vision of the End of the World.	37

A FIGHTING CHANCE

A strange ambiguity characterizes our times.

On the one hand, our unsolved social problems persist. On the other hand, social protest decreases, though perhaps only temporarily.

Military expenditures by the world are approximately equivalent to the total income of the poorer half of the world's population, according to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute.

Racism characterizes many relationships in American society. Numerous Americans deny the concept that there is only one race--the human race--as they erect invisible Berlin Walls against those they perceive as not belonging to "their race."

The environment continues to deteriorate as some industries accept governmental slaps on the wrists rather than mount massive campaigns for environmental improvement. Leaders in business and civic life warn of the dangers of interfering with technological "progress."

Add to this sampling of persisting problems still others--the population bomb, constipated governmental processes, invasion of privacy, foul prison conditions, chicanery practiced on consumers, etc.

Yet, ambiguously, a strange quiescence currently is apparent. Perhaps it will endure awhile. Or perhaps it is the calm found in the eye of the hurricane; the gales may roar again before these words see print. . .

Blacks and whites often eye each other warily; however, burning and looting, police dogs and fire hosing, are currently out of style. The student activist revolution wanes; the frisbee replaces the demonstration on the quad. Young dropouts from society do their thing through turning inward toward drugs, occultism, and religious experience.

The present period of apparent calm may afford educators the opportunity to mount an attack on the persisting unsolved problems. When the times are quiet, we need not hastily develop some ill-conceived panacea in response to a shutdown nor rush through a so-called solution

00008

reflecting, like the barometer, the pressures registered on a stormy day. We may now have a fighting chance to develop a well-thought-out, toughminded approach to the problems correctly identified but clumsily approached by the activists of the 1960's.

As world-minded men and women, can we now convert our schools into places in which international education is a major theme? Can we develop our own version of deschooling education through fostering programs of social travel at home and abroad?

As people dedicated to democratic human relations, can we bring about a renaissance in intercultural education? Can we supplement current programs of black history and black studies with a comprehensive program of intergroup education to develop both identity within minority groups and mutuality in common interests among all groups in America?

As human beings who recognize the environmental peril, can we develop programs in relation to ecology? Can we give life to our programs in science and social studies through linking them to man's struggle to preserve life on this planet?

With the same commitment to both thought and action, can educators foster programs to meet still other social problems--such as population growth, governmental complexity, threats to civil liberties, consumer abuses, etc? Or, lacking the lash of militancy and confronted by financial crisis, will educators go about business as usual or perhaps even retrench on spending to combat social problems?

If we do build programs to attack the social problems which are the enemies of mankind, we should take into account many of the trenchant insights of today's critics of the schools. For instance, let us recognize with the compassionate critics the importance of student initiative and participation. Let us abolish those rigidities and abuses which persist in some of our schools and which are cited to justify the analogy between schools and prisons drawn by critics of compulsory education. With the advocates of open schools, let us make our classrooms more flexible, innovative, and humane. With the advocates of schools without walls, let us bring education out into the world beyond the boundaries of the school building.

But let us not practice a version of the child-centered school in which children play a significant role only in relationship to the traditional stuff of the formal curriculum. Let us not accept a counsel of despair which calls for the abolition of compulsory education, thus putting the patient out of his pain by killing him. Let us not allow openness to become a fad discredited by inept practice. Let us not allow community participation to be limited to observation; participation involves action to make our communities more livable.

00009

We may have a fighting chance in the 1970s to achieve a genuine reformation in American education. But we will have to learn the delicate art of avoiding oversimplification if we are to build programs which meet needs, illuminate social realities, and clarify values. Bearing more than one thing in mind simultaneously is not easy, as the history of education indicates. And it may be later than we think, fiscally and socially.

00010

STORY OF A LAKE

I want to tell you about a lake.

In the beginning, the land on which I now live was flat and there was no lake. The Indians, followed by the pioneers, found the area fertile. The settlers worked hard to cultivate the land, so the corn grew high. Men gave the name of Northwest Territory to the region and titled the nearby settlement Fort Harrison; eventually they called the land part of Lost Creek Township near Terre Haute in the western part of Indiana. Till the twentieth century the farmland stayed fertile and flat.

Then the strip miners came. They flayed the soil and they gouged the earth and by the 1940s they left the ravaged land as strip mining moved a few miles south to rape new fields in the name of industrial progress. They left behind ragged humps, pits, black slag, and seas of muddy ooze. Hell probably looks somewhat like this.

For much of the American heartland, the story ends here. But not in this particular case. To the credit of the coal company executives, they did plant trees. In the half-mile long gash slashed by giant earth shovels where trucks and trains had hauled and men had sweated, a crescent-shaped lake rose and filled.

Some venturesome families bought the surrounding land in the late 1940s and stocked the lake with bass, crappies, and bluegills. A half-dozen more small lakes speckled the acreage they owned in common. Bulldozers rounded off high spoil heaps for five homesites, each from one to five acres in extent. In their boots in the furrowed muck, the families played twentieth-century Johnny Appleseed with government-supplied seedlings. They planted red pine, white pine, and jack pine in the ravines and on the ridges; they planted pine and tulip trees and grew grass and lespedeza and flowers on their homesites. Meanwhile, the strong sycamores, locust trees, and cottonwoods survived. And the land flourished and became a delight to the eye.

My family came late, only four years ago, and we bought a house on one of the five homesites. Now in off hours we swim, fish, row, canoe, and sail on the big lake and we tramp along the ridges and through the valleys and past the lakes on the furrowed wild-growing common land. The talent of a lyric poet would be needed to describe our land and our

00011

lakes in their changing seasonal moods.

Again, the story might end here with a flourish of trumpets celebrating especially the venturesomeness of the first families, along with a modest minor drum roll for the sagacity of Johnny-come-lately in buying in. Happy ending!

Except that the story of our lake is not finished. There are serpents in gardens, as mankind learned early. Today in America the physical and human environment continues to deteriorate, and our lake is a microcosm within the American environment. There are times when we sense intimations of mortality for the lake and for the people like us who live beside it.

Our lake is not self-contained. It exists within the total surrounding environment. When the rains come, there is runoff which bears, we think, residue from pesticides and fertilizers used in the nearby farmers' fields. So algae flourish and we repel the clogging green with copper sulphate, thus tinkering ourselves with nature's fragile balance. There are even horrid suggestions that the sewage disposal facilities of the trailer court a mile away are not, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

Our house is not insulated against the total surrounding environment. Wingtip to wingtip, the fighter planes from the Air National Guard, based five miles away, roar and screech only a few hundred yards above our roof. It seems to us that each year there are more planes; each year they scream with greater hysteria; each year they fly lower. As a minor obbligato, the silence of the evening is rhythmically punctuated by fusillades from the nearby gun club.

And there are occasional days when we walk out into God's great out-of-doors, ready to suck in huge inhalations of the life-giving fragrance of pines or peonies only to have our nostrils assailed by a peculiar pervasive stench reminiscent of the New Jersey industrial meadows we thought we left behind. Dame Rumor hath it that an industrial firm is disposing of its chemical debris some miles to the south.

Neither my lake nor my house is self-contained or insulated against the total surrounding environment. Nor are your equivalent private worlds, whatever they might be, self-contained and insulated against the total surrounding environment. John Donne said it best: "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less. . . . I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Friends, there are frontiers today of which the pioneers never dreamed. Let us put on our societal boots and step into the environmental

00012

ooze with the seedlings of social action in our hands. Why leave to the original settlers all the joy and all the pain of bettering this land? If a land is not cared for, it can be lost. Hell has remarkable recuperative powers. As to mankind's role, Edmund Burke said it well: "All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win in the world is for enough good men to do nothing."

America is an unfinished country. So the story of my lake is necessarily unfinished. In respect to our physical and human environment, there is work ahead for all of us, enough to go around for a long time.

00013

THE GREAT AMERICAN COP-OUT

For years the big yellow school bus has been a symbol of American progress. It has carried rural children to consolidated schools with facilities and programs comparable in quality to those of schools in more thickly settled areas. It has emancipated the suburban housewife from serving as an eternal chauffeur shuttling children between home and school. It has spared urban youngsters the unreliabilities of our faltering contemporary transportation systems and has brought them to schools offering wider curricular choices and better equipment than those available in limited neighborhood schools. The big yellow school bus blended well into a mobile America which increasingly lived on wheels. In 50 years, tax-supported transportation of students to and from schools grew from 256,000 students in 1920[1] to 20,000,000 students in 1970.[2]

But the history of school busing included some dark pages. Today we prefer to forget that throughout the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties the school buses carried black children and youth from the shanties and hovels in which they lived to the inadequate black schools to which they were assigned. On long daily pilgrimages the black children repeatedly passed white schools built in accordance with the policy of definitely separate and certainly unequal. Many black Americans today remember vividly getting up before dawn to ride to school and to return near sundown after a round trip of many miles past the "neighborhood schools" of the white communities, largely Southern, sometimes Northern.

Then came Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas, 1954, a decision which has often been cited but too seldom read. By a unanimous 9-0 vote, the Supreme Court said,

> In these days, it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is

---

[1]Robert M. Isenberg, "Transportation of Students," p. 1494 in American Educational Research Association, Encyclopedia of Educational Research, Fourth Edition, 1969.

[2]Robert L. Green, Eugenia Smith, and John H. Schweitzer, "Busing and the Multiracial Classroom," Phi Delta Kappan, May, 1972, p. 545, citing Senator Walter Mondale.

00014

> denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state has undertaken to provide it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms.
>
> We come then to the question presented: Does segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race, even though the physical facilities and other "tangible" factors may be equal, deprive the children of the minority group of equal educational opportunities? We believe that it does.

Many white Southerners resisted the decision--and many were the white Northerners who looked down their noses at the racist attempts at political evasion by their Southern fellow citizens. But with remorseless steadiness, though agonizing slowness, the new order of things came to the South. After initial racist agitation and isolated bombings in the middle 1950s, school desegregation in the South proceeded. Grudgingly, the South yielded to the ruling of the Supreme Court against de jure school segregation. In the 11 states of the Old Confederacy, the percentage of Negroes in schools with a white majority increased from 18% to 39% in the 1968-70 period. (Meanwhile, in the same period the percentage of Negroes in white majority schools in New York City declined from 19.7% to 16.3%; Detroit dropped from 9% to 5.8%, Philadelphia from 9.6 to 7.4, St. Louis from 7.1 to 2.5, etc.)[3]

So in the South black children increasingly rode the buses to desegregated schools which usually were nearer to their homes and usually were newer and better than the schools they had formerly attended. The black students had greater educational opportunities than they had before and the white students were scholastically unharmed by the presence of blacks in the same classrooms. There even seemed promise of integration, the achievement of that American dream of each man being respected as an individual and treated as a fellow human being.

But the North discovered that problems of desegregation and integration were not confined to the South. In the sixties the protest against "the opposite race" came first from white Northerners of working-class and lower-middle-class backgrounds and of relatively recent European ethnic ancestries. They were first to encounter desegregation because they were economically unable to flee to the suburbs. Yet nobody regarded as "important" paid to much attention to them; such economic and ethnic group members were the forgotten men of the 1960s. Few condemned their racism more roundly than other Northerners who were higher in the social pecking order.

---

[3] New York Times, "South Integrates Schools as North Lags," June 18, 1971.

00015

Then in the summer of 1971 the great American cop-out moved into high gear. Lower court decisions threatened to precipitate an invasion of the elite environs of the white upper-middle and upper classes. A minority among blacks joined the protesters in the name of black control of black communities.

So the rhetoric poured out about good education for children. Touching concern was demonstrated for the quality of the education at the end of the bus ride. Pieties emanated from political figures in high places. The "neighborhood school" was sanctified. More money was promised for the improvement of de facto segregated ghetto schools; that such schools were separate and unequal was not mentioned.

The bus was cast as the villain of the piece. Influential white Americans had learned that the ubiquitous yellow vehicle could even cross the invisible lines that separated cities and suburbs. Through legislation, political oratory, and proposed constitutional amendment, a campaign to betray the mid-twentieth century commitment to desegregation and integration was under way. The code word sanctioning separate and unequal and masking racism and discrimination was "antibusing."

Let us call a spade a spade rather than a horticultural instrument. The present antibusing campaign is an attempt to turn the clock back to separate and unequal. When antibusing is coupled with an endorsement of desegregation and integration, it is an injunction to make bricks without straw. The onslaught on busing is the great American cop-out.

00016

ENVIRONMENT VERSUS TECHNOLOGY

I got to thinking about it after another trip into Appalachia this summer--the way time tarnishes our images of institutions. The Tennessee Valley Authority, for instance.

Let me begin at the beginning, a long time ago in the 1930s. A great and shining achievement of the New Deal era was the Tennessee Valley Authority, a regional triumph for social engineering in a river valley. TVA masterfully blended public hydroelectric power production with flood control, conservation of resources, recreational opportunities, and participation in planning by the people of the valley. The engineers and social planners had come together to create a tangible showpiece in the struggle for a better America.

People made pilgrimages to see the dream realized. I remember the swing through the Tennessee Valley my wife and I took during those early years when TVA was building dams. On the back roads, we were appalled by the ramshackle hovels in which the hill people lived. Gaunt children clothed in potato sacks waved to us from rotting porches as the adults stared levelly. At night the kerosene lamps flickered dimly in the shacks; modern appliances were nonexistent. The ravages of floods were everywhere in evidence.

But the giant dams with their generators were rising and the magic promise of hydroelectric power was in the air. In Tennessee cities we interviewed enthusiastic TVA officials and heard their plans for flood control, inexpensive power, and reclamation of eroded hills. We pored over their maps of planned recreation areas, parks, and marinas for the people of the valley of democracy. Back North again, we argued the cáse for TVA against our conservative friends. We were confident that we had seen the future--and it worked.

While we lived in Tennessee during the 1950s and worked for racial integration of Nashville schools and colleges, we enjoyed the blessings of low-cost electric power in our all-electric home, used the extensive recreational facilities of the valley, and observed the manifest economic expansion of the region. By then even most of the conservatives had been won over to the Tennessee Valley Authority; in the era of that stalwart TVA supporter, Estes Kefauver, opposition to the obvious accomplishments of the Tennessee Valley Authority was political suicide. Presidential candidates stumping in the valley were well advised to

00017

speak well of TVA--or else.

So we were not prepared for what we encountered on a return to Appalachia in the summer of 1972--though perhaps we should have been. We found the TVA enmeshed in the fateful controversy between the environmentalists and the technologists, the struggle which seems destined to become the crucial dispute of the late twentieth century. The stakes are high in the struggle between the supporters of maintaining a habitable universe and the advocates of material progress. As the environmentalists see it, human survival is threatened if ecological preservation is not achieved. As the technologists see it, economic well-being is threatened if economic growth is curtailed.

Because of its extensive use of strip mine coal, TVA by the 1970s had become anathema to many residents of the valleys and mountains of Appalachia. As they saw it, the erstwhile creator of a better environment for human beings had become the destroyer of the land and the lives of the people. In My Land Is Dying (1971), environmentalist Harry M. Caudill says:

> As electrical appliances, from refrigerators to hair dryers, became commonplace in more and more households, and new factories proliferated in the vicinity of Kingsport, Knoxville, and Nashville, the Authority discovered that it had opened up a demand for electricity greater than it had waterpower to supply. So, as a supplemental source of power, it turned to coal.
>
> "Cheap power" was now an obsession with the TVA. One after another, 10 coal-fired generators were built to produce it. Of the 99 billion kilowatt hours produced annually by the agency, at a value of $388 million, 80% are now derived from coal. As the nation's largest single consumer of coal, in 1968 it burned about 5.5% of the country's entire output, amounting to 1,600 carloads a day. Half of this amount comes from strip mines. Inevitably, for good or ill, TVA now controls the fate of the coal-bearing regions of Appalachia--setting market trends, changing or fixing prices, controlling the development of mining technology, and in effect prescribing the standards to which a whole spectrum of industries is to adhere. In eastern Kentucky, as elsewhere in central Appalachia, its role has been nothing short of disastrous. The same cheap fuel that made possible an era of prosperity in the TVA region has wrecked the coalfields, impoverished entire communities, and forced thousands of mountain

00018

people to desert the place of their birth. . . .[1]

As a reviewer of Caudill's book for the New Yorker pithily put it:

> More than half of the coal mined in Appalachia now comes from strip operations and the largest single customer--irony upon irony--is the Tennessee Valley Authority, whose original goals of conservation and reclamation were long ago submerged in the rush to provide more and more cheap electricity from coal-fired generators.[2]

But the TVA explained its use of strip mine coal as essential to the economy of a power-using nation. Defending the agency's use of strip mine coal, chairman Aubrey Wagner of TVA testified before the Tennessee legislature in response to his agency's critics:

> They would outlaw strip mining, even in the face of the fact that such action would create a power shortage in which industrial activity would be severely curtailed, unemployment would increase, commerce stagnate, and home life would be disrupted. Their solution would, in my judgment, create problems of more disastrous consequences than the problem they seek to cure.

TVA spokesmen also point out that the Authority itself does not mine coal. They argue that the land mined for TVA is being reclaimed in accordance with TVA reclamation policies. The critics say that reclamation of the steep slopes of Appalachia is impossible and that claims of such reclamation are sham.

So in the 1970s the battle is joined, with influential industrial forces supporting the present practices and the mountain people handicapped in their opposition by their poverty. The powerful coal companies want their profitable strip mining operations and processes to continue. On the other hand, many opponents of strip mining want total abolition of strip mining everywhere.

The TVA, with a dual mandate as an environmental agency and as a supplier of cheap electricity, continues to use strip mine coal. A bulletin of Save Our Kentucky, Inc., says:

---

[1]Harry M. Caudill, My Land Is Dying (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1971), p. 69.

[2]Calvin Tomkins, "The Seventeen-Year Locusts," New Yorker, June 10, 1972, p. 126.

00019

> Though it was founded by President Roosevelt as an environmental protection organization, the TVA is now the world's largest purchaser of strip mine coal. Last year alone the agency purchased 38 million tons of coal, 22 million tons of which was gouged from the earth by strip miners. TVA purchases about 20% of all coal stripped in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Alabama, and Illinois.[3]

The people of Appalachia are torn between economic and ecological forces. Some defend their jobs as strip miners and their communities' incomes derived from strip mining. But some see no way out other than putting their bodies on the line, as did old Dan Gibson who, at the age of 80, drove the strip miners away from his property with his gun, or as did the widow Ollie Combs, who lay down before the bulldozer to defend her land. Meanwhile, the National Resources Defense Council, Inc., the Environmental Defense Fund, and the Sierra Club are seeking through a suit in U.S. District Court to void strip mining contracts entered into by TVA with various suppliers and are asking for a cessation of purchasing of strip mine coal by the agency.

To me, the bare minimum of necessary legislation seems to be the 3-pronged reclamation law called for by Harry Caudill. Such a law, says Caudill,

> would, first of all, permit surface mining only in areas where the degree of slope, the rate of precipitation, type of natural vegetation, and conditions of drainage combined would allow the prompt and effective restoration of the surface to its original character and use; and where stripping is deemed permissible, all the costs of that restoration would be borne by the industry and passed on to consumers as part of the price for steel and electricity. Second, in areas where such restoration cannot be achieved--as it clearly cannot in the hills of Appalachia--surface mining would simply not occur. Third, a severance tax would be levied on all strip-mined minerals, to be paid into a federal trust fund to be used in financing reclamation--insofar as reclamation is possible--of those ravaged lands that are now a reproach to the nation.[4]

---

[3]"TVA and the Stripping of Appalachia," SOK Bulletin, published by Save Our Kentucky, Inc., undated, p. 11.

[4]Caudill, op. cit., pp. 140, 141.

00020

If such rational steps were taken nationally and were supported and implemented by the TVA, the tarnish might be removed from the current image of the Tennessee Valley Authority and the original luster of one of this century's noblest institutions might be restored.

Why do I as an educator report this conflict in a magazine for educators? Because the struggle of environment versus technology will increasingly become a central critical issue in the later years of the twentieth century. Because there must be no social lag by the schools in educating Americans on the complex interrelationships of ecology and economics. And because time is also tarnishing the image of that institution called American education. See, for instance, the current renunciation by some intellectuals of the brave dream of universal public education.

00021

THE SECOND COMING OF THE ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE

The anthropologist did not look up from his charts as Herbert eased his frame into a nearby comfortable chair in the lounge of the Explorers' Club. From the paneled walls, masks used in primitive ceremonials stared down unblinkingly. Herbert, an educator ever eager to learn, ventured a conversational gambit, "What are you doing?"

"Extrapolating," responded the anthropologist briefly.

Herbert thought of several facetious comments he might make. But he sensibly refrained. "Extrapolating what?"

"Educational trends," said the anthropologist. "Like everybody else these days, I am speculating on the future. Right now I am extending our current educational trend lines into the decades ahead. They point inexorably to one conclusion."

"Which is -- ?"

"The return of the one-room schoolhouse."

"Impossible," said Herbert indignantly. "The one-room schoolhouse belongs to earlier centuries. A return to the obsolete one-room schoolhouse is unthinkable. What a peculiar conclusion!"

"That's what I used to think," said the unruffled anthropologist. "But consider my educational trend charts. As an educator, you are no doubt familiar with the present trend to the nongraded school. What do you think of it, Herbert?"

"An excellent innovation which I support wholeheartedly," exclaimed Herbert. "Restrictive grade levels are eliminated. All young children are placed in a primary group. Older children are placed in an intermediate group. Junior high school students are -- "

"Extend this trend," suggested the anthropologist. "The logical extension is to eliminate grade lines from the school as a whole. So the one-room schoolhouse, a completely nongraded school, will return."

"One swallow does not make a summer and one trend does not make a peculiar conclusion," said Herbert confusedly.

00022

"Consider also," said the anthropologist remorselessly, "the growing trend in schools toward using older students to help younger students. The one-room schoolhouse is admirably adapted to this innovation and was long famous for so doing. Or take independent study, now a thriving trend. The one-room schoolhouse offers great opportunities for independent study while individuals are not engaged in group activities, such as recitations. Or consider today's emphasis on each child progressing at his own rate of learning. Clearly the most desirable current educational innovations are best implemented in the one-room schoolhouse."

Herbert said, "But today American education is housed in big buildings -- "

"True," interrupted the anthropologist. "But we are talking of trends and particularly the trend from present bigness toward future smallness. Surely you have observed that discussion today deals with the desirability of small schools--mini-schools, alternative schools, street academies, the new English primary schools, yet unborn private schools which will grow from the voucher plan, and so forth. Or haven't you been listening to the compassionate critics as they describe their open classrooms, their classes in the corridors, their unadministered schools? Today criticisms of centralization and bureaucracy are heard everywhere. Decentralization and simpler organization are the order of the day. Or haven't you heard the vigorous critics of compulsory education protesting against the giant educational bureaucracies in the cities? Extrapolate, sir--and you have the return of the one-room schoolhouse."

"But the scholars in the social foundations have taught us that it is society which shapes educational developments, not individual critics," said Herbert. "Our society is bureaucratic and the Establishment is -- "

"Spare me your tedious recital," said the anthropologist. "Again you are describing the present and ignoring the trends into the future. As the counterculture prevails over the Establishment, the bureaucracy will wither away. Small schoolhouses will prevail. With the greening of America, the one-room schoolhouse will come back into its own. Buses will be used for educational travel, not for carrying students back and forth between home and school. Big schools will become obsolete and may be converted to other uses."

"Such as the making of sandals or the processing of marijuana?" inquired Herbert delicately.

I will ignore that latter comment, Herbert," said the anthropologist. "Instead, I will generously recognize that you are correct in pointing out that society shapes educational developments. And tomorrow's counterculture--which will be different from today's Establishment--will shape the education of the future."

00023

Herbert abandoned ideology and resorted to an expedient argument. "A one-room schoolhouse in the countryside is all very well. But where would you locate your one-room schoolhouses in the city? This is an urban nation. Surely there aren't enough empty stores in our cities."

The expedient argument did not deter the anthropologist. "On the rooftops," he said.

"The rooftops?" inquired Herbert incredulously.

"Come, Herbert," said the anthropologist. "Have you never flown over an urban area in a helicopter as you traveled from an airport to the center of a city? Have you not noticed the incredible expanse of rooftops below, inhabited only by pigeons and solitary snipers? The rooftops of our cities are our great unused urban resource. They constitute the urban frontier. They top luxury apartments and slum tenements impartially; they cap warehouses, factories, museums, and theaters. They await the second coming of the one-room schoolhouse!"

"And -- ?" said Herbert inarticulately.

"Can you not see the happy children climbing the stairs or riding the elevators from their homes to the one-room schoolhouses on the rooftops above?" asked the anthropologist rhapsodically. "Can you not hear the pealing of the bells over the city as the one-room schoolteacher pulls the bell rope or clangs a hand bell in the doorway?"

"I assume," said Herbert dryly, "that there would be a privy behind each one-room schoolhouse and that the students will sit around a potbellied iron stove as they study their McGuffey Readers."

The anthropologist was obviously offended. He folded his charts and rose. "You have descended to satire, Herbert," he said. "That is unforgivable in serious discourse. I am sure you recognize that only extremists will insist on privies and potbellied stoves and McGuffey Readers. The characteristic one-room schoolhouse of the future will be a modern and well-equipped school. It will be as new and shiny and efficient as the mobile homes in which Americans increasingly live and the campers in which they increasingly travel and the mobile libraries through which they increasingly supply their schools. Farewell, Herbert." The anthropologist walked away.

Relenting, he turned in the doorway of the Explorers' Club lounge. "I must admit, Herbert, that one thing gives me pause with respect to my prophecy. I suspect that after thousands upon thousands of one-room schoolhouses are established on the urban rooftops, a few radicals will propose something they may call consolidation. They will suggest connecting the one-room schoolhouses on the rooftops through a network of science laboratories and industrial arts shops and such, through auditoriums,

00024

gymnasiums, and lunchrooms--and even administrative offices for a new bureaucracy! They will suggest the creation of a complex of interconnected buildings covering the city and crossing its streets. And they may prevail."

"Do not despair," said Herbert. "Even if consolidation were achieved, would not future generations eventually notice the available roof space topping the giant new education complexes?"

The anthropologist's face brightened. "There may be hope for us yet, Herbert," he said.

On the walls, the masks used in primitive ceremonials exchanged winks.

00025

HORACE MANN'S ONLY APPEARANCE ON TV

Dicky O'Carson of the Tomorrow Show was being briefed on his forthcoming guests for the interview segment. He yawned and asked, "What this time?"

"It's on education, chief," said the head briefer. "We got some great guests lined up for you. For instance, Fertility Wright, who authored The Public Schools: Madhouses or Jails?"

"Best-seller list?" asked Dicky.

"Of course," said the head briefer. "New York Times, nonfiction Number Three. Published by Blatant and Squeezenickel, the publishing conglomerate which used to be a magazine and now owns IBM, General Motors, and U.S. Steel."

"I remember now," said Dicky. "The jacket shows a public school teacher knifing a student. Right?"

"That's right, Dicky," chorused the briefers. Dicky's familiarity with book jackets never ceased to amaze his staff.

"About that jacket, Dicky," said a sub-head briefer. "Be careful in holding it up. Low neckline." He demonstrated with generous gestures.

"On the schoolteacher knifing the kid?" asked Dicky incredulously. "I don't remember that. On the jacket I saw, the knifer was a typical middle-class public school teacher frump."

"I mean the back cover, Dicky. The picture of Fertility Wright. Better just flash it fast."

"Oh," said Dicky. "I guess I should have turned the book over. Where'd she get that name anyway?"

"We're trying to research it out," said the head briefer. "Her daddy was an anthropologist. Maybe it's got something to do with his work."

"Call Margaret at the American Museum of Natural History," suggested Dicky. Dicky never used last names. "She'll know. Slip me

00026

a note during a commercial. Who else?"

"Another great one, Dicky," said the head briefer. "Dr. Hans Strangelove, doctoral degrees from both the University of Nuremberg and Berkeley. Author of What You Always Wanted to Know About Bombing Public Schools: A Handbook for Humanistic Revolutionaries. He's the chairman of the Center for Violent Alternatives. He's offered to make a bomb on-camera."

"Good choice," said Dicky. "We need to give air time to intellectual leaders. Anybody else?"

There was an embarrassing silence which was finally broken by the head briefer. "Another great choice, Dicky. Horace Mann."

"And who in hell is Horace Mann?" asked Dicky O'Carson. "I never saw any book jacket on him."

Each of the sub-head briefers waited for someone else to speak. The head briefer said reluctantly, "We don't have much on him, chief. We got him from a new agency, Heavenly Bodies Booking. A really creative outfit--they answer the phone with the blowing of a trumpet before a Mr. Gabriel gets on the line. They promised to send us a puffsheet on Horace Mann but they didn't. Sorry, chief."

"We'll get by," said Dicky O'Carson resignedly. "We always do somehow."

When the participants gathered for the Tomorrow Show, Horace Mann turned out to be an old-fashioned looking fellow in midnineteenth-century clothes. He carried 12 bulky volumes.

The interview with the education celebrities followed the part of the Tomorrow Show in which an elephant trainer had an elephant step on Dicky O'Carson. So Dicky was out of breath when he got back to have Fertility Wright explain at length the brutalization of children in the public schools and to have Dr. Hans Strangelove's lengthy demonstration of how to make a bomb. The program was almost over when Dicky got around to Horace Mann.

"Horace," said Dicky, "I see you have some books with you." The audience roared with laughter for Dicky O'Carson was a famous wit.

"Sir," said Horace Mann, "it is my privilege to present you with my 12 annual reports as secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education from 1837 to 1848. In them, I urge the absolute right to an education of every human being who comes into the world and the correlative duty of any government to see that the means of that education are provided for all. In fact, sir, as I point out in my tenth report,

00027

every state is morally bound to enact a code of laws legalizing and enforcing infanticide, or a code of laws establishing public schools!"

"You believe in compulsory public education?" asked Fertility Wright in amazement.

"I do," Mann added. "Through free universal public schooling, virtue will prevail over vice. Universal education will be the great equalizer of human conditions, the balance wheel of the social machinery, and the creator of undreamed wealth. Through public schools we will extirpate ignorance, violence, disease, poverty, crime, and intemperance. Indeed, madam, it may be that even modest dress will accompany the blessings of universal free public education."

"Reactionary rot!" roared Dr. Strangelove.

"Indeed, sir," said Horace Mann, "the reactionaries are those who oppose free universal public schooling. I refer to unenlightened factory owners, anti-republican snobbish intellectuals, proprietors of private schools, and selfish people from the wealthy classes. But the common man supports the common schools."

Dicky decided it was time for audience participation. A listener arose and went to a nearby mike. The member of the audience said, "Horace, I represent the common man. I think Fertility and Dr. Strangelove are both zombies. But, Horace, I don't think you quite understand modern times. Your public schools are in trouble. Somehow things have gotten fouled up. Now some of the unenlightened forces which you mentioned seem satisfied with ineffective public schools for the common man. And some of our brighter and most enlightened people are close to giving up on the public schools. Some of the common men have decided that the kind of public schools we have are not worth supporting. What do you say, Horace?"

"Keep the faith," said Horace Mann.

"I don't know," said the common man. "I just don't know."

"Achieving better public schooling is a difficult task in any era," said Horace Mann comfortingly.

Fertility Wright, Dr. Strangelove, and Dicky O'Carson all began talking at once. Pointing an admonitory forefinger at them, Horace Mann said, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

After the show, Dicky O'Carson said to the head briefer, "No more celebrities from Heavenly Bodies Booking. That Horace Mann must be some kind of a nut."

WRITING FOR EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATION

When I joined the staff of Indiana State University in 1967 my department chairman asked me what courses I would like to teach in the new doctoral program. I named the usual ones, including a seminar in curriculum and a seminar in educational foundation. Then I had an afterthought. How about my offering, once a year, a course in writing for educational publication for graduate students, similar to one I had offered occasionally at Peabody? We talked about it and he liked the idea. Then, toward the close of our conference, he too had an afterthought. Might some faculty members of the School of Education audit the course? Sit in occasionally? Since I believe that people learn to swim in the water rather than by observing swimmers from the beach, I politely declined the suggestion. I specified instead that any interested faculty member might join the class as a full-fledged enrolled participant if he would agree to write, have his efforts criticized by the group, rewrite, and eventually send off his book proposal to a publisher or his article to a magazine. My chairman agreed and sent out an announcement.

When the first appointed Wednesday night rolled around and the writing group gathered, there were more faculty members than degree candidates on hand and that's the way it has gone ever since. Writing is a lonely and often discouraging business, but a writing group makes it less so.

I dodge the necessity of grading my colleagues' writing by a device that should endear me to the accountability and behavioral objectives proponents. An "A" goes to anyone whose work is accepted for publication by a national magazine or who is offered a contract by a book publisher, even if I think the opus is a clinker (I never have--yet). An "A-" is awarded to those who appear in state journals, a snobbish discrimination on my part. A "B" goes to an aspiring author whose product the group and I judge to be potentially publishable, who sends it to the lair of the editor, and who receives back from the beast that unctuous letter of rejection in which editors specialize. He who sends nothing off to the mill of the publishing gods is dishonored with a "C."

But since the publishing enterprise, like the army, is famous for its policy of "hurry up and wait," the most usual grade in the course is an "incomplete," while the author hopes for a response from his selected outlet or, undiscouraged by rejections, turns to still other

ED 00029

publications. After a while almost all incompletes are removed by the author-students, usually with some form of "A," sometimes though settling for a "B." Over the years the group members have achieved a respectable batting average. More than 90% of the writing initiated in the course has appeared eventually in print. I am not sure what the registrar thinks of all of these incompletes in my course, but my policy toward registrars has long been that I don't bother them if they don't bother me. Do I go around asking what registrars do with their time in the period between when I turn in my grades one semester and when I turn in my grades the next semester?

By now, a few questions that come up in Education 617, Writing for Educational Publication, have become hardy perennials. Let's answer them here in dialog form.

A graduate student may say,

"I have never written anything for publication. How does a person break into print? From a magazine editor's viewpoint, what type of writing by a beginner like me is most acceptable?"

I think the most open channel for a neophyte writer is the book review. Magazine editors are almost always in need of good book reviews. The old China hands in education often are too busy writing their own books, doing research, consulting, working with national organizations, and doing whatever else old China hands do (even teaching and advising!). As a young educator-author, you can boldly enter the province of book reviewing. Select a couple of new books which should be of interest to the readers of a particular publication which you read regularly, and ask the editor to send them to you for reviewing.

"Suppose he doesn't send me books for review? After all, he doesn't know me."

Then beg, borrow, or steal a new book. Write a thoughtful review. Send it off. There's a good chance the editor will use it.

"How about magazine articles?"

The best bets for a beginner are an article based on his own teaching experiences or an article popularizing the findings of his dissertation. You've taught in an open school? Great! You've carried on a community study with your students? Fine! Write about it. Magazine editors are hungry for accounts of teaching or administrative experiences which are related to some intellectually tenable hypotheses about education. They are a welcome relief from the flood of think-pieces ground out by upwardly mobile faculty members as they lurch toward the higher academic ranks, needled by the publish-or-perish syndrome.

00030

As to the article based on your dissertation, write it right away. Only tobacco and whiskey improve with age. Dissertations, like fish, do not keep. Unless you are writing for an unusual journal, do not send an editor the summary duly approved by your doctoral committee. Instead, tell the reader plainly what your study was all about and what you found and didn't find. Rewrite. Then try it on an intelligent colleague, friend, neighbor, or wife. They don't understand it? Rewrite again. Not yet? Again.

A faculty member is likely to say,

"Some of my writing has been published and some, I must admit, has been rejected. But editors never invite me to write; I myself must take the initiative. Yet some of my colleagues receive invitations to contribute. How come?

Invitations to write articles for magazines which have a monthly theme, or to do a pamphlet or fastback, or to contribute to a yearbook, and so forth, often come from editors, publication committees, guest editors, yearbook committees. These are mortal men and highly fallible. They depend upon what they know and who they know. They often rely on scuttlebutt and Dame Rumor. They call upon their own reading of books, articles, and reprints received. They are likely to turn to the experienced and proven pros. Let's try to get Bob Havighurst this time. I wonder if Harold Taylor would be willing. Do you think we can get Bill Alexander for this one? Yet they are acutely conscious that there is gold in them thar hills which hasn't yet been discovered. So keep on doing significant work, and keep on writing about it, and keep on submitting your manuscripts. The decision makers as to invitations rarely operate as closed conspiratorial cabals, though I can understand why you suspect they do. When they come to know you from your writing they'll invite you.

Everybody says,

"I never seem to have the time. How does anybody find time for writing?"

The sages point out that the art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair. They add that writing is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration. You might try a technique which I developed in my youth when I was disciplining myself to be both an educator and an author. Begin by multiplying seven days times 24 hours. You come out with 168 hours of lifetime each week. Everybody has these 168 hours. Deduct the time you spend in sleeping, eating, shaving, traveling back and forth to work, and similar necessities and amenities. Deduct the actual time you spend in teaching and administration. Don't skimp on this, but don't include time spent in the coffee room or in contemplating your navel. Lest you suspect this

00031

is Puritan advice, let me quickly add that you should allocate and deduct a substantial realistic block of time for your family, your recreation, and just plain doing nothing. You do not have to become a hermit or an anchorite in order to be a writer. Then recognize that there still remains a chunk of time. For some people it is quite substantial. Figure it out. Substitute writing for whatever you now do with that chunk of time. Yes, some of your drugs will have to go--maybe the TV game between those two teams about which you really couldn't care less, or the repetitious bridge game in the faculty room, or the grade D late-night movie on the tube, or the third martini, or that type of vapid entertaining in which everything has already been said. I think I know what your response may be. It's a comforting rationalization, isn't it? But it's phony.

The discouraged author says,

"I write something and I send it to the editor. God knows what he does with it. Maybe he adds it to that stack of things he intends to read some day, like the stack on my own desk. Anyway, he just sits on it. Weeks or months later, I hear from him. He says no."

The time has come for me to acquaint you with Van Til's First Law: Query. Always query.

Before you set pencil to pad or fingers to typewriter, determine the specific publication outlet in which you want your writing to appear. Study your proposed outlet as to style, length, content, and even such editorial practices as footnoting. An incredible number of authors send inappropriate manuscripts to magazines they obviously have never read--else they would not have sent that manuscript to that particular magazine. Only then write to the editor. Tell him specifically and persuasively what you have in mind. Yes, you can send out more than one query at a time, thus reducing the time lag for you as author. If it's a book, give the editor two components of his beloved trinity: an ample outline and a comparison with existing books. If he is interested he will ask for the third--a sample chapter. If it's a magazine article, tell the editor why your idea is important, what is different about your approach. Don't hide your light under a bushel. And no typos, please; one book editor of my acquaintance encircles them as he reads proposals.

"Why query?"

Because otherwise your manuscript is one of a zillion to come in "over the transom," an archaic term which dates back to the nineteenth century when publishers' offices had transoms over which unsolicited manuscripts presumably were heaved. Your unsolicited manuscript will be read one of these days and will too often be rejected by the newest man or woman in the office, possibly a bright young thing just out of

00032

some college in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with a major in English literature and an intimate knowledge of Chaucer or Beowulf. Editors like Stan Elam, who reads unsolicited manuscripts himself, are as numerous as unicorns.

But if you query, your inquiry is read by somebody upstairs rather than the bright young thing waiting under the transom with a basket. The editor is likely to respond soon; he likes to keep his desk clean too. He may tell you that he is sorry, for they have recently run a similar article or published a similar book. He may tell you that your proposal "does not meet our editorial needs," which can mean anything, including financial trouble with the business office, but which always adds up to "no" and he's not going to tell you why. On the other hand, he may give you a warm, vibrant, passionate, and enthusiastic response such as "We will read your article with care if you send it to us," or "We will send your proposal to readers and let you know later." If you get such a rapturous response, you may rightly celebrate, for you have placed your foot firmly in the door, just beyond the transom. Query. Always query.

"Does Van Til's Second Law exist?"

Certainly. Van Til's Second Law is: Feel free to pay no attention to Van Til's First Law. My own first book was completely unsolicited; my manuscript went in over the transom. I was 26 and known only to my mother and my wife. My manuscript was personally read and accepted by one of the greatest of all editors, Maxwell Perkins of Scribners, who also edited (ahem) Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe. Any other questions?

00033

ANYONE FOR INTERNATIONAL WORK?

Several years ago, before going on a sabbatical, I accidentally invented a new form of Rorschach. I went about asking people, "What would you do if you had a sabbatical--perhaps a half year free at your present salary or a full year free at half or three-fourths of your present salary?"

Though originally intended as a way of seeking advice, the question led people to share their dreams and to reveal their personalities in the process. For instance, one misanthrope dropped his mask of gregarious extroversion and said, "I'd rent a cabin in the north woods and hope that I'd get snowed in so that I wouldn't see a single goddamned human being for six months." A man I had thought unimaginative said, "There's a novel inside of me that is trying to get out." A noted specialist told me, "I would read popularizations in the many fields about which I know practically nothing. I would try desperately to become an educated man."

The large majority of people, however, indicated that their dreams and hopes took the form of travel. Their destinations, their living facilities, and their vehicles differed widely. Some opted for the tropics, others for frozen lands; some took the London-Paris-Rome path while others chose the open countryside. Some dreamed of freighters or jeeps; others preferred Pan Am or cruise ships. Some envisioned campfires and tents; others preferred the Hiltons and Maxim's of Paris. But they had in common that they wanted to go some place or places other than where they now were.

The travel they proposed usually took the form of touring, moving about to see people and places. Few had faced the question of how long they could enjoy looking at scenery or sights or people, how long they could move appreciatively from sleeping place to sleeping place, from meal to meal, while disassociated from their own work and community and while without any organic connection with the ongoing life of natives of lands visited. No doubt my own Rorschach is showing, but I have a hunch that most of us could not really take an entire year of such disassociation and unconnectedness.

Now another sabbatical is coming up for me and I intend to join the travelers in 1973-74. So I am again asking advice, this time more seriously and systematically. Since my own tolerance level for

00034

disassociated tourism is about a month or two, I am asking informed people how I could best spend a year in international travel and work while I learn about education and the culture from educators abroad and share with them whatever I might know about American schools and society. Sources consulted to date are largely representatives of governmental agencies in Washington visited in August, 1971, and educators in attendance at two international conferences held on the island of Jamaica during the same month. What they told me might be useful to you if, like most respondents to my Rorschach, you too have itchy feet.

First, hear the advice of internationally oriented government and organization personnel, obtained after long walks through what seemed to be endless corridors at State, HEW, NEA, etc. Unanimously, they told me that the two years of "lead time" I had given myself for planning and developing a significant year abroad is about right, neither too long nor too short. Unanimously, they deplored the people who rushed into their offices seeking work or relationships abroad only a few months before boarding a plane outward bound.

They pointed out that a first decision the would-be educational world traveler must make is whether he wishes to earn income abroad or not. For instance, if income is no object, and if an educator has the time and inclination, and if--an important if--the local office of USIA has a demand for his type of expertise, the United States Information Agency may sponsor lectures or conferences involving a visitor as he tours the country--or even several countries. The compensation is negligible; for instance, a scheduled lecture may be recognized by a per diem payment, whereas a conference may involve the exchange of ideas without payment. Other opportunities for service abroad include the well-known Peace Corps and the less-known NEA Overseas Teach Corps staffed by experienced NEA members who volunteer their services to teach teachers in summer workshops in developing countries. As to study abroad, several books and pamphlets describe programs; a selected list is available from the NEA's Committee on International Relations. Among the opportunities for study abroad assisted by graduate fellowships is the program of the Institute of International Studies of the U.S. Office of Education for modern foreign language and area studies. It is designed primarily to train specialists in the less widely studied foreign languages and in world areas regarded as important to the national interest.

For the traveler who wants to teach and to receive some degree of compensation while so doing, the old reliable Fulbrights are still a good resource. Consult, for instance, United States Government Grants Under the Fulbright-Hays Act, University Lecturing Advanced Research, 1972-1973, published by the Committee on International Exchange of Persons in Washington. Information on positions in schools around the world attended by sons and daughters of American civilians

00035

may be obtained from International Schools Services in New York City. The U.S. Office of Education has a Teacher Exchange Branch and the Department of Defense has its Dependents Education Directorate providing information on Department of Defense dependents schools.

If research is the traveler's predilection, then the thing to do is to define a proposal and obtain a grant from a foundation (Ford on down, not forgetting the smaller foundations). In an era when foundations have ceased spending like Diamond Jim Brady, applications for small grants from several foundations are currently recommended by some experts. ("Since the X Foundation thought my project worth an investment of $3,562, it occured to me that you too might be interested in. . . .") The Institute of International Studies of the U.S. Office of Education also provides opportunities for American educators at all levels and for graduate and undergraduate students in foreigh languages, area studies, and world affairs to participate in research and training programs abroad in selected nations. The prospective research worker might also communicate his ideas to the Conference Board of Associated Research Councils in Washington.

Independent research abroad may prove to be a lonely business and may involve considerable loss of time through not knowing the ropes. Therefore, a university base might help. For instance, among the Middle East institutions which might provide time-saving local guidance for the researcher are American University of Beirut, the American Colleges in Istanbul, and American University in Cairo.

How about obtaining lecture, consultation, or teaching assignments through letters to educators abroad? Yes and no. No to letters to deans and presidents with whom one is not personally acquainted. Yes if the letter goes to someone befriended while he was a lonely foreign student in the U.S.A.--and the former student just happened to become a minister of education or vice-president in charge of something at a university. A useful listing of the staffs of universities abroad is The World of Learning, published by Europa in London.

At the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs of the Department of State, I was told that requests for educational services, including such curricular programs as shifting from French-style education toward American, come to missions abroad from ministries of education. If the mission likes the idea, it provides help. Some of the resultant programs are long-term and others are short and intensive. Sometimes the ministries specify educators whose help they particularly want.

Despite occasional cutbacks, the well-known Agency for International Development of the Department of State persists. Most AID assignments are for one or two years. AID comes to you with an invitation, rather than your going to AID with an application for employment. Your access to an AID program is usually through universities with contracts

00036

abroad yet with insufficient available university personnel. Organizations such as the Transcentury Corporation in Washington also recruit professors for service abroad; for instance, during the summer of 1971 Transcentury was looking for an educator for work in Botswana in Africa. AID periodically publishes a booklet titled AID-Financed University Contracts.

One question that particularly interested me concerned the feasibility and desirability of the aspiring educational ambassador visiting anywhere from a half- to a full dozen countries or following the usual pattern of an assignment to one or at the most two countries during a sabbatical year. I brought this question with me to two overlapping international conferences held in Jamaica and participated in by more than 800 people from 66 countries. (The World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession resembled the United Nations in appearance and procedures. The official delegates sat behind their national nameplates, determined procedural questions, heard committee reports, passed resolutions, and voted as delegations rather than as individuals. The International Council on Education for Teaching followed the customary format of educational conferences as members heard speakers and panelists and took part in discussion. Emphasis was placed on international exchange of ideas on education rather than on decision making.)

As to my question--essentially whether to move along or stay put--jurors I consulted could not agree on a verdict. Some assured me that one could only begin to understand the people and their institutions through spending at least a year in a nation. As they saw it, no contribution to the culture by an outsider was possible short of a year's stay. Still others thought that one could learn much from short stays which provided the visitor abundant opportunities for comparison. This view usually also held that outsiders could contribute much through intensive lecturing or consultation or teaching.

What I have shared with you is admittedly only a sampling of opportunities to make your travel meaningful. But it may provide some clues if your own response to my accidental Rorschach is to say, "Personally, I would travel. . . ."

00037

LOOKING FROM ABROAD: MEXICO

In Mexico Dr. Fernando Palacios is head of a Ministry of Education commission which tries to upgrade inservice teachers by applying "modern methods." He is a man who is willing to take a risk. He acted decisively on some tentative correspondence from me, suggesting "any mutually helpful relationships" during my intended Thursday through Tuesday stopover in Mexico City, which was scheduled for January. When Bee and I stepped off the plane, he was there. He showed us my program, already printed and distributed to teachers in the Mexico City area. I was to talk on Friday, Saturday (inservice education on Saturday?!), Monday, and twice on Tuesday--the last lecture to conclude three hours before our plane left for Tahiti! He assured us that he was completely at our service to take us anywhere. This included anywhere our tourist hearts might desire--and, of course, also to the lectures. What do you say to such a brave risk-taker? Naturally you say yes.

So I gave a short course on what I have learned about education and we experienced an intensive course in Mexican hospitality, as well as an introduction to problems of Mexican education. As to hospitality, from 500 to 800 Mexican teachers came to my lectures--even on Saturday--and all involved were extremely generous to the educator from what I eventually got used to calling the United States of North America. The introductions given before my talks would have made my dear mother proud of her son; the three instantaneous translators were competent as well as charming and gracious; the audience listened with interest and responded with intelligence; at the last session an individual teacher surprised us by presenting us, on her own, with the gift of a tea set.

As to our hospitable host, he saw to it that we occupied a Ministry of Education box at a fabulously colorful performance of the Ballet Folklorico. He and his associate, Mr. Fuentes, saw that we were protected by a serape from the cold winds which swept across the plain as lights played on the pyramids of the sun and the moon and as voices told the ancient Indian tale of creation under the same eternal stars at Teotihuacan. Both managed to have us conducted through the Mayan and Aztec sections by what must have been the amazing Museum of Anthropology's best guide. In Dr. Palacios's Toyota we bounded by the hour across Mexico City. With colleagues from the Ministry, we learned at a wondrous luncheon that cactus is edible and that Mexican food is not necessarily hot. We spent time on our own, but mostly we were the willing recipients of Dr. Palacios's hospitality--diplomat that he is, he would say,

00038

"No, hospitality of the Director General"--which ended only when gifts were given and farewells were waved at the airport as we exhaustedly boarded at midnight for Tahiti.

Talking in Mexico City, in the splendid auditoriums of museums, unions, and hospitals, it is hard enough to persuade yourself (to say nothing of local teachers from the Mexico City area) that the basic problem for Mexican education is to provide an education beyond the second grade. The reality is particularly hard to appreciate in Mexico City and the surrounding core area, where much of the available educational opportunity at various levels of instruction is concentrated. But there is much more to Mexico that the central core area. And there are children in Mexico who do not ever enter school.

In 1969 Clark C. Gill of the University of Texas wrote in Education in a Changing Mexico, "After more than a generation of intense and dedicated educational effort, Mexico still has not succeeded in advancing more than half its population beyond the second grade."[1] According to the most reliable information I could discover, based on Centro de Estudios Educativos, of the 1,823,000 Mexican children who did actually enter school in 1958, a little more than half (56.6%) completed the second grade. One-fourth (25%) completed the sixth grade and became elementary school graduates. About one in 10 (11%) entered secondary school at the seventh-grade level. About one in 12 (8.5%) finished secondary school, thus completing the ninth grade. About one in 25 (4.2%) began preparatory school at the tenth-grade level. About one in 33 (3.3%) began higher education.

Can Mexico achieve the compulsory schooling up to age 15 envisioned in the Constitution of 1917 and its revisions? The task will be formidable, given the present dropout rate. But Mexico has built before. In the preconquest period, the Indians built their astounding cities and pyramids. In the colonial period, the Spaniards built the massive cathedrals. In the independent period, the mestizos began nation building. In the period of twentieth-century revolution, the Mexican people built industries, roads, cities, a modern capital--and began the massive task of educating the common man.

Tomorrow affords Mexico another chance to build, with all the attendant risks. Yesterday the pyramids, the cathedrals, the cities. . . tomorrow enough new schools with sufficient holding power rooted in modern programs?

---

[1] Clark C. Gill, Education in a Changing Mexico (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, 1969), p.1.

00039

LOOKING FROM ABROAD: AMERICAN SAMOA

Out in the South Pacific is a speck of the United States which Americans seldom, if ever, think about. But occasionally American Samoa is rediscovered by a congressional group and some social reforms are instituted. Then the territory is forgotten by almost everyone until another rediscovery occurs.

Despite this recurrent oblivion, American Samoa (call it about 28,000 population) has a considerable reputation in the world of education for three things: The islands are said to have a remarkable program of early childhood education; the school system stresses bilinguality in Samoan and English from the first grade on; instruction through educational television has been heavily stressed, is still widely used, and is now hotly debated.

We chose to get some glimpses of the latter. "We" happened to be myself, my wife, and Bill Olcott, with whom we had just become acquainted at the Pago Pago Americana Hotel. Bill, like myself, is a curriculum man on a sabbatical. Home for him is Cortland, N.Y., where he is a professor in the state university.

Our host, thanks to Bill's arrangements, was an agreeable young Samoan, Tautalatafi Tuato'o, director of elementary education in 27 elementary schools (about 300 teachers) in American Samoa. His background included two years at Ohio University and a recent semester at the University of Hawaii. He drove us past the incredible wave-kissed beaches and the lush green mountains of Samoa to several schools, among them one inland and one a pebble's toss from a golden beach. We saw a variety of classes, including first-graders sitting on the floor, their legs outstretched under low desks, chanting in English that immortal refrain about one and one making two. We saw other elementary pupils flexibly regrouping their chairs in rooms decorated with pupil-made charts of the planets and time lines of American history.

What the visitor from the mainland saw first was that an elementary school in American Samoa was not a single school building. Each of the eight grade levels (Samoa uses the eight-four ladder) had its own home, an oval structure with a high rounded roof, large enough for two classes. Each building, like a Samoan home, was open to the breezes on an island where, year-round, the average low temperature ranges from 74 to 76 degrees and the average high from 84 to 86. The buildings were called

00040

"fales," which is pronounced "follies," but which makes good sense to me.

In Fale 6 at the inland school a television lesson in mathematics was being watched with rather remarkable concentration by 33 brown sixth-graders and their male teacher. Banished from TV learning because they were slower learners were 15 other children who were working on fractions with another male teacher. (Economic note: These two teachers, we were told, were in the $3,000 to $5,000 salary range; with a degree, the salary would have been $7,200.)

Our appearance was a more welcome diversion to the slow learner than to the viewer. Perhaps this was because the latter had often seen "stateside" Americans before, not only streaming from the sleek liners and the slender planes but cavorting in the black box. Their present instructor on the tube was a male Caucasian and North American who was teaching the concepts of "domain" and "range," beginning with a word game. In this stateside-created program the names of several states of the American mainland were flicked on the screen--yes, there came Indiana--and the youngsters 5,009 miles from San Francisco called out the number of letters in each state.

I wince easily. So I winced. However, later I unwinced slightly when in the follow-up period called reinforcement (ah, there, B. F. Skinner), the native Samoan teacher replayed the word game and used, instead of states, the names of Samoan communities.

The children seemed to learn the fairly sophisticated concepts of domain and range. But another bad habit I have is that I want a good deal of education to be related to the solution of problems of human beings. And when I walk through Pago Pago and see bad housing and unpaved roads and somnolent, squatting sellers of souvenirs, and when I smell the odor from the tuna canneries, and when I wonder about how authoritarian the Samoan chief's system is, and when I think about the Department of Interior half the world away in Washington appointing the governor--yes, and even when I see tourists stuff dollar bills into the bosoms of waitresses to encourage them to native dance (I told you I winced too easily)--then I hope that TV education and non-TV education will include the quality of Samoan life. Not just Samoan language. Not just Samoan tradition. Not just Samoan arts and crafts. The problems of the Samoan human being now.

So we went to the headquarters of American Samoa's ETV installation, and the beautiful young woman who took us through showed herself to be sensitive and aware. She gave us remarkably frank releases on the controversy over near-total dependence on ETV. The criticisms of heavy dependence on TV seemed to have both educational and political aspects. Educational criticisms stressed lack of participation by both students and classroom teachers. Political criticisms stressed the heavy staffing by stateside ETV teachers and administrators, with salaries proportionally

00041

higher than those of native Samoan teachers, and the subsequent deterioration of communication between TV teachers and classroom teachers.

Now a new wind seemed to be blowing in American Samoa education. Perhaps the best summary comes from ETV in American Samoa, an August, 1973, pamphlet developed from a University of Hawaii-American Samoa contract. In it the director of education for American Samoa quotes from and commends a report by a task force of ETV teachers and administrators. "I also commend the committee for cutting through the core of the problem, as typified by its introductory statement: 'We have. . . attempted to make a series of recommendations that will help bring into effect the philosophy of the Department of Education. In this attempt we have recognized that the role of TV and central planning must undergo a series of modifications lest these facets of our educational program remain in direct conflict with the stated philosophy of the Department of Education. It is in order to eliminate this conflict that we no longer view 'teaching done by means of TV' as 'the core of all instruction in the system' and no longer consider that the sole purpose of classroom activities is to reinforce TV instruction. Nor can we continue to operate on the basis that 'planning for each lesson at the Instructional Resources Center is total.'

"Since improvement in instructional design is a continuous and dynamic process, we recognize our specific recommendations not as long-range solutions to current problems but rather as the continuation of modifications that have already begun--modifications that will place a greater emphasis upon learning by a variety of modes as opposed to teaching via TV as the most effective means of instruction; that will lead from total planning by the TV teacher toward greater responsibility and heightened interest and enthusiasm on the part of the classroom teacher; and that will eliminate defining instruction as a series of lessons consisting of TV presentations of 'the substance of the lesson,' to be followed by classroom activities that are designed for 'only one purpose--that is, reinforcement of the telecast.' "

Yes, said our charming guide, TV in Samoa had its supporters and its detractors. Now the use or non-use of ETV was up to the individual teacher (the director of elementary education had earlier affirmed the same position). The current hope was that as teachers improved, the need for dependence on ETV would decrease. Currently, she told us, broadcasts were supplied for no more than a third of the instructional time of the first three grades; from the fourth toward the eighth grade, instructional TV time declined to 10%; at the high school level there was currently very little ETV. "Now," she said, "we are developing programs which stress student participation, not just adults instructing. Community television which begins at mid-afternoon is also emphasized. And we are concerned about social problems. This week we will prepare as part of our in-service training for teachers some programs on the energy crisis. Let us look down into the studio where it is in

00042

preparation. . . ."

Apparently the simplified Hamlet-parody question, total TV or not total TV, which was prominent in early Samoan ETV, has been replaced by more sophisticated TV-related questions concerning extent, participation, individualization, content, humanization, and social policy seen in the total context of the surrounding society. That sounds encouraging to me.

00043

CALCUTTA: A VISION OF THE END OF THE WORLD

To paraphrase T. S. Eliot's The Hollow Men,

> This is the way the world ends
> Not with a bang but a cheeseburger.

Concerning India, I have encountered two persuasions. There is a boastful type who pays no attention to health precautions, apparently drinking out of any nearby fountain and eating "whatever the people eat," or the more credible type who uses boiled and bottled water solely, shuns the uncredentialed vegetables, and generally behaves as though Pasteur hadn't made it all up after a bad night. As science-respecting people, we accept the latter interpretation of the universe and hence ate carefully in Calcutta, India, in March, 1974. But naturally, because the world is a place of shades and shadows, and life is a set of floating hazards and unpredictabilities, I got a contaminated cheeseburger at one of Calcutta's best hotels. After four good intercommunicating speeches to educators, many of whom really cared about humanity, at the University of Calcutta, Birla College, American University Center, and Ramakrishna Institute, I dropped like a stunned ox in my own bloody vomit.

If you're going to be sick in Asia, better be sick in a city where you are working for the United States Information Service. I realize it is not fashionable to say anything good today of the government of the United States and totally de trop to say anything kindly of the bureaucracy. But you haven't been sick--I hope--in Asia. Put the ugliest face on it and point out that it isn't good publicity for the Foreign Service boys to have somebody die on their hands while practicing his specialty abroad. Point out that their houses abroad allow them to live beyond the style to which they would be accustomed at home. But when you're struck down you're glad that the USIS and the American Embassy are there with their characteristic foreign service names like Holbrook Bradley. Their loyalty to you is total. They have a magnificent Indian USIS staff doctor, Dr. Wats, who comes to your hotel where you're vomiting away your life blood in the middle of the night. They have access to a small hospital, handicapped technologically yet suffused with kindness and caring. They have a compound in which they live, guarded by constantly patrolling Indian soldiers, with an apartment where your wife can wait it out and where you, too, if you manage to survive, can contemplate recuperation. However, we took a three-plane, 30-hour

00044

sleepless journey back to the United States for diagnosis and treatment.

All this takes place in Hell--my only descriptive word that comes close to describing Calcutta. Yes, I've seen the Victoria Memorial and the art galleries and mansions too, but my pervading memory of Calcutta is the unimaginably dense-packed streets. Incredible numbers of human beings are born, live, and die on the squalid streets. Naked babies lie in the dust and the sacred white cows drop their loads beside the little heads. The old sit and wait for death. Outside the Department of Education of the University of Calcutta is a vast garbage dump in which the ravaged bodies of what once were human beings compete with the sacred cows for a morsel of food.

If you want to change an intelligent and sensitive man's attitudes on a problem, I suggest you send him to Calcutta. Don't give him any temporary shelter, such as my bureaucracy with its little glass box cars. . . Send some of the living room liberals from America who worry over a currently fashionable problem which always, strangely enough, has some mild impact on their own physical comfort. Worldlings that they are, they will be acquainted with culture shock, could in fact deliver lectures on it. But see if the massive uncaringness, part of the armor, the self-imposed blindness of many of the Indian and American intellectuals, doesn't just for a moment grab their hearts so that they cry in the streets like crazy prophets, "Someone must see! Someone must do something! Someone must care!" before they go back to explaining to themselves that India has tried all faiths, all philosophies, all reforms, all revolutions, and that none of them work. So the armor and blindness are restored and culture shock is neatly filed and categorized, and they can go their way again, caring not about these hordes of people but only about selected problems which will affect their own comfort and convenience.

What I experienced in my Calcutta illness was culture shock perhaps--yet different too. It may have been a version of future shock, but not the kind that Toffler writes about. My version of future shock was a prophetic one. Under doctor-administered drugs, it came to me that Calcutta represents what the cities of our world may sometime die of. Not the world of silent abandonment and desolation in Rachel Carson's Silent Spring or Nevil Shute's On The Beach. The apocalypse coming for the human race may be a slow, noisy death of the big cities.

I felt it in 1974 in Calcutta as the poor publicly foraged and died while the rich drove sightlessly and unheeding through the streets. I felt it when the "low shedding," a severe shading down and brownout of power any time of the day or night, began unanticipated at any moment. In huge areas of the city all power would go off. Cars continued to move tensely and dangerously through the streets, flashing their lights momentarily as required by law, then roaring head-on toward each other in the darkness. The telephone system flickered and died, flickered and died, then briefly roused. Transportation stopped and

00045

resumed. The city was noisily dying.

My vision was that Calcutta today presaged a likely future after energy use-up, environmental breakdown, widening gaps between rich and poor, the collapse of old religious caring, and the incapacity to achieve new social caring. The poor would die first, after desperate attempts at rebellion, sometimes succeeding, more often failing. Hanging on to the end would be the patricians in the native population who had their own built-in enclaves. They would buy what they could. The poor would go first when they used up their edible garbage; some would hang on longer than others. The rich would go last when they used up their life-lines. Then silence would come over the clamoring, sweltering, exuding, contrasting city. Life would no longer pulse in the garbage eaten by the poor. The last air conditioner would go off, the last bulb hidden in the last refrigerator would shed no more light for the patricians.

So in Calcutta I witnessed in future shock through my drugged visions the end of the world of the cities. When? Someday. Don't ask me what my horror vision means to educators. Because if you don't know that it means that there must be a colossal gathering of forces for caring and survival, then my journey to the end of the night and my witness to the end of the world will have no meaning to you.

In my vision of Hell, the last emaciated patrician came out of his house. He saw no poor people. But since he had never seen the poor people throughout his life, this was not unusual. But now he looked for the poor to teach him where to dig in the garbage. But the poor people were all dead. He fell on his face on the garbage and began clawing. After a while there was no movement at all on the vast garbage dump as the world ended in Calcutta and maybe in your city. So went my vision.

Why? Because not enough people CARE. Some do. But not enough by far. And that is why humankind today is in deep, deep trouble.

00046